THE HUMAN TORCH

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NO. 27

COMICS

IN THIS ISSUE

"MEET THE ASBESTOS LADY!"

A·FULL·LENGTH·ACTION·THRILLER

HERE IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND DANGEROUS FOE EVER TO MATCH WITS WITH THE FIERY TEAM OF **TORCH** AND **TORO!** HORRIBLE DEATH THREATENS FROM MANY SIDES, AS BLARING GUNS ANNOUNCE...

"MEET THE ASBESTOS LADY!"

In a swank uptown apartment, the asbestos lady ponders...
IT'S ALMOST A YEAR SINCE MY PLOT TO KILL TORCH AND TORO FAILED! I WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO ESCAPE...
I VOWED I WOULDN'T FAIL AGAIN — AND NOW THE TIME IS GETTING RIPE! WHAT WILL I DO?
I'VE GOT IT! AND TO THINK IT WAS UNDER MY NOSE ALL THE TIME!
In another part of town, Torch and Toro have just completed a case...
BACK SO SOON?
WHEW! CHIEF, WE'RE GOING TO TAKE A VACATION AFTER THAT JOB!
BETTER TURN OFF THAT HEAT FIRST, OR WE'LL ALL NEED ONE, TORCH!
Later...
WE'LL JUST MAKE THAT TRAIN!
THE ONLY EXERCISE I'LL DO WHEN WE GET THERE IS TO GET UP AND EAT-MAYBE!
2

I THINK I'LL DO A LITTLE SWIMMING AFTER WE GET SETTLED! MAYBE SUB-MARINER WILL TURN UP, TOO!
NOT ME! I'M STRICTLY FOR SOME SHUT-EYE! OH! OH!
PARDON ME, GENTLEMEN! IS THIS SEAT TAKEN?
ER...UH... NO! WILL YOU JOIN US? ER-- LOVELY DAY, ISN'T IT?
I'M VICKY BROWN, AND OF COURSE YOU ARE TORCH AND TORO! EVERYBODY HAS READ ABOUT YOU!
I COULD ALMOST SWEAR I'VE SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE!
THE AFTERNOON PASSES GAYLY WITHOUT A TRACE OF SUSPICION! THEN...
IT'S TOO BAD-- ER--THAT YOU'RE NOT GOING WITH US, VICKY--ER, I MEAN, MISS BROWN!
IF IT WEREN'T FOR MY PLANS...
JUST A FEW MORE SECONDS!
NOW!
A FIRM PRESSURE ON A REMOTE CONTROL BUTTON!
THEN!
HELP!
IT CAME FROM OUT THERE!
WOW! SOME GUY FELL OUT OF THE WINDOW!
3

INSTANTLY THE FAMOUS FLAME TEAM HURTLES DOWNWARD TO THE RESCUE!
QUICK, TORO! HE JUST HIT THE WATER!
HA! THE FOOLS FELL FOR IT!
HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE, TORO!
HE SURE PICKED A FINE TIME TO GET OFF THE TRAIN!
THE SHADY LADY'S GANG COMES OUT OF HIDING AND LAUNCHES A SPECIALLY DEVISED NET!
HEAVE HO!
IT'S ONLY A DUMMY! WE'VE BEEN DUPED!
IT DOESN'T TAKE US LONG TO CATCH ON!
WHAM!
4

THIS STUFF IS IMPOSSIBLE TO BUDGE!
I CAN'T HOLD MY BREATH MUCH LONGER, TORCH!
Up ABOVE, THE HOODLUMS TAKE THEIR LEAVE!
LET'S SCRAM! THEY'RE DONE FOR!
LEAVE IT TO THAT ASBESTOS DAME TO PUT A FANCY FIX ON THOSE GUYS!
MEANWHILE...
I'LL GET OFF HERE AND GO BACK! NOW THAT THOSE TWO ARE OUT OF THE WAY, I'M GOING TO PICK UP WHERE MY RACKETEERING BROTHER LEFT OFF—PLUS A FEW CUTE LITTLE TRICKS OF MY OWN!
A SHORT TIME LATER, IN HER APARTMENT...
CHECK!
WE START TONIGHT! LISTEN CLOSELY!
YEH!
ROGER!
FOR HOURS THE BIG TOWN IS SUBJECTED TO AN ORGY OF CRIME!
DAILY TIMES
DARING ROBBERY BY LADY'S GANG!
DAILY TIMES
JEWELRY WAREHOUSE LOOTED BY GANG!
DAILY TIMES
5 POLICEMEN SHOT BY GANG!

IF WE'RE GONNA CLEAN OUT THIS BURG, WE'LL HAVE TO WORK **FAST**- FASTER THAN BEFORE! WE'LL KEEP TEN JUMPS AHEAD OF THE LAW! THEN WE CAN LAY LOW FOR AWHILE UNTIL IT BLOWS OVER. WE CAN START NEW IN SOME OTHER TOWN!

The FURIOUS BLITZ TACTICS OF THE SLEEK LADY'S GANG BAFFLE THE LAW!

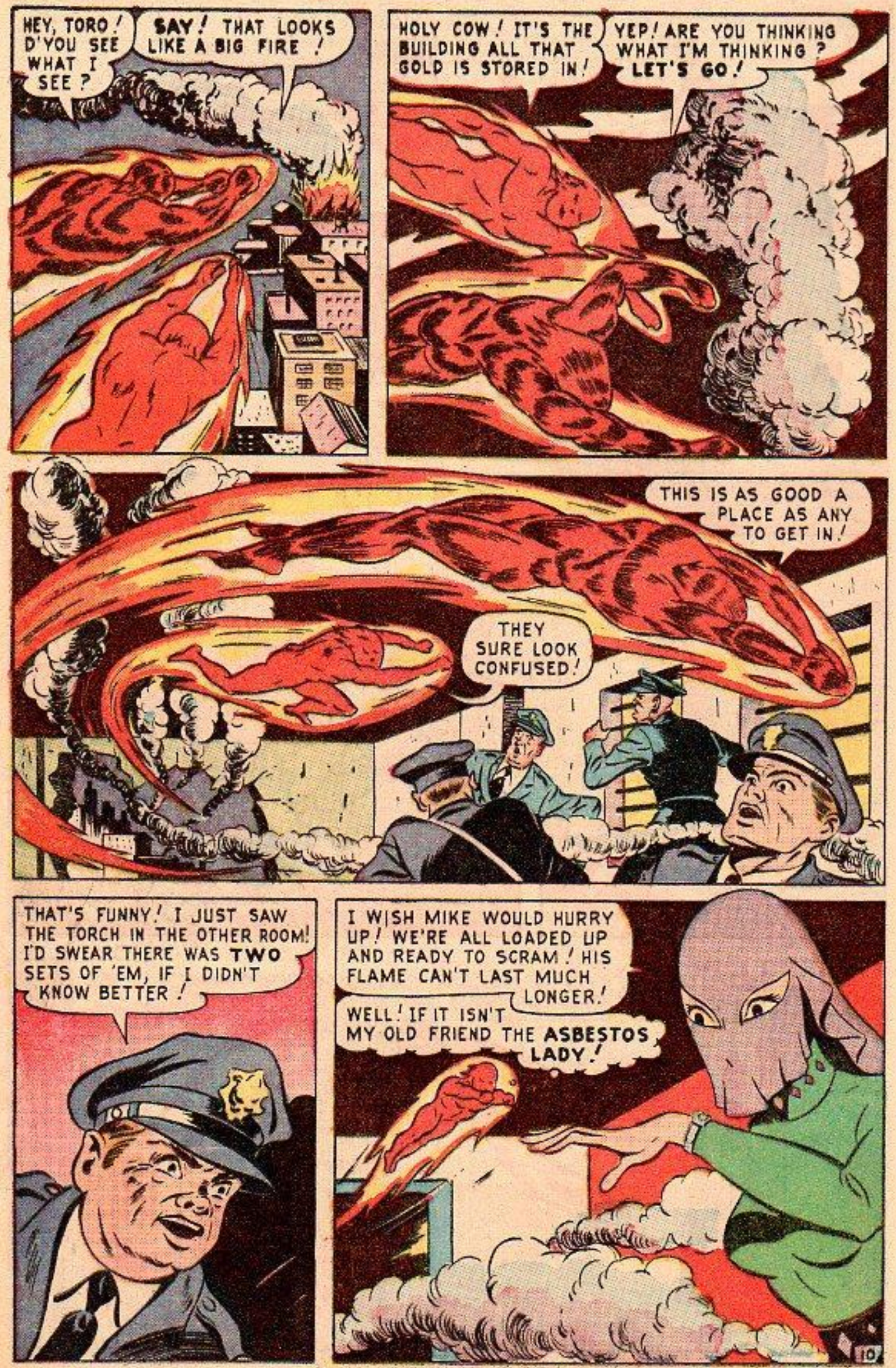
CALLING **TORCH** AND **TORO**! CALLING **TORCH** AND **TORO**!
CALLING ALL CARS—FIND **TORCH** AND **TORO**!
I **WON'T** TAKE **NO** FOR AN ANSWER! IF TORCH AND TORO AREN'T HERE BY MIDNIGHT, YOU'RE ALL FIRED!
KEEP ON THE LOOKOUT FOR TORCH AND TORO, O'TOOLE!
POLICE
THEY DO NOT ANSWER, SIR!
HEY, JOE! BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR TORCH AND TORO!
DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Back TO AN EARLIER SCENE, WE FIND....

SAY! THAT AIN'T BUBBLES! THAT'S...
STEAM!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
OHH!
YOW!
OKAY, YOU HASBEENS! IF YOU DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE FISHES PERMANENTLY, START EXPLAINING YOUR CONDUCT!
IT WAS THE ASBESTOS LADY'S IDEA! SHE SWORE SHE'D GET RID OF YOU THIS TIME!
SHE THOUGHT YOU'D BE OFF YOUR GUARD ON YOUR VACATION!
THAT'S ALL WE WANT TO KNOW! KEEP YOUR YAPS SHUT! WE'RE GOING TO WORK! C'MON, TORO!
7

THE GOLD BULLION STORED AT FORT WRIGHT IS OUR LAST BIG JOB! ALL WE CAN CARRY! I'M GOING TO DEDICATE THIS LITTLE NUMBER TO OUR DECEASED FLAME PALS! THIS JOB WILL BE PINNED ON THEM AND WE'LL BE IN THE CLEAR!
THIS ASBESTOS OUTFIT IS AN IMITATION OF TORCH'S COSTUME! WHEN MIKE PUSHES THE BUTTON, IT FLAMES ON, BUT HE'S PROTECTED! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, MIKE, DON'T YOU?
YEH! BUT I'D BE A LOT HAPPIER OUTSIDE OF THIS RED UNION SUIT!
BUT, BOSS, WILL THIS SUIT PROTECT ME FROM BULLETS?
DON'T WORRY, MIKE! THEY WON'T EVEN KNOW WHICH END OF THE GUN TO SHOOT WITH WHEN WE GET GOIN'!
THE STUFF IS IN THIS BUILDING! ONCE WE GET PAST THIS GUARD, IT'LL BE A CINCH! JUST REMEMBER YOUR LINES, MIKE!
AND THE REST OF US WILL KEEP YOU COVERED!
SUDDENLY, THE IMPOSTOR WHIRLS INTO ACTION!
HELLO, TORCH! SAY, ISN'T THE WHOLE TOWN LOOKING FOR YOU?
YEH! I KNOW!
I'LL BE FOUND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT!
I HOPE THAT FLATFOOT DOESN'T SEE THROUGH MIKE'S DISGUISE!
HEY! WHAT THE...?
CRASH!
8

QUICK! THROUGH THAT HOLE!
THAT TAKES CARE OF ONE GUARD!
THE BREAK-THROUGH SETS OFF THE ALARM!
R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R
THE SMOKE AND FLAMES SPREAD CONFUSION AMONG THE GUARDS!
WHAT'S COMIN' OFF?
HEY, JACK! RING THE FIRE DEPARTMENT!
QUICK! THE BULLION ROOM!
MIKE, KEEP SPREADING THAT FLAME AROUND! THE REST OF US WILL START CARRYING THE STUFF INTO THE CAR!
But AT THAT VERY MOMENT, TWO FLAMING, AVENGING FIGURES ARE ALREADY STREAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE SKY!
9


HEY, TORO! D'YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
SAY! THAT LOOKS LIKE A BIG FIRE!
HOLY COW! IT'S THE BUILDING ALL THAT GOLD IS STORED IN!
YEP! ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING? LET'S GO!
THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO GET IN!
THEY SURE LOOK CONFUSED!
THAT'S FUNNY! I JUST SAW THE TORCH IN THE OTHER ROOM! I'D SWEAR THERE WAS TWO SETS OF 'EM, IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER!
I WISH MIKE WOULD HURRY UP! WE'RE ALL LOADED UP AND READY TO SCRAM! HIS FLAME CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER!
WELL! IF IT ISN'T MY OLD FRIEND THE ASBESTOS LADY!
10

WHAT KEPT YOU, MIKE? THE OTHERS ARE WAITING IN THE CAR! C'MON!
THEY ARE, ARE THEY?
OKAY, BOSS! IS EVERYTHING ALL SET?
WHA..?
OH OH!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU FIRST, YOU OVERGROWN MATCHSTICK!
OKAY, ASBESTOS LADY— HERE COMES A HOT CURVE RIGHT OVER THE INSIDE CORNER!

TORO'S PITCH FINDS A SOFT SPOT IN THE TOTTERING WALL...
AND...
THAT'LL HOLD YOU SMALL FRY UNTIL THE LAW TAKES OVER!
NOW FOR ASBESTOS LADY!
BUT THE GUARDS, ATTRACTED BY THE DISTURBANCE, TAKE OVER...
SO LONG NOW! I'M SURE SHE'LL TELL YOU ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW!
THANKS, TORCH!
HEY, TORCH! I HOPE NOTHING INTERFERES WITH OUR VACATION THIS TIME!
I HOPE NOTHING INTERRUPTS THAT CANTANKEROUS BLONDE'S VACATION EITHER!
I'LL GET OUT OF THIS COOP ONE OF THESE DAYS — AND WHEN I DO...
THE END

This, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, IS WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED FOR TORCH'S JANGLED NERVES!

A BROKEN NEEDLE! JUST WHEN I WAS BEGINNING TO GET GOOD!
IF YOU ASK ME, TORCH, YOU BETTER GIVE UP BEFORE YOU HAVE A NERVOUS COLLAPSE!

NOPE! I'M NOT GIVING UP... I'M GOING BACK TO MADAME DEFARGE'S CURIOSITY SHOP FOR ANOTHER NEEDLE!
OON...
TOO LATE, TORCH! THE SHOP IS CLOSED!
ODD! THE DOOR IS OPEN!
MADAME DEFARGE'S CURIOSITY SHOP
BETTER PUT ON THE LIGHT AND SEE IF EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT!
GLOOMY OLD PLACE!
BON SOIR, GENTLEMEN! EES THERE SOMETHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?
IT'S MADAME DEFARGE!
HEY! WE'RE NOT THIEVES!
I JUST WANT TO BUY ANOTHER KNITTING NEEDLE!
DO NOT SPLEET THEIR HEADS, ALPHONSE!
BUT I HAVE NO MORE OF ZEE NEEDLES FOR KNITTING! AND MAY I SUGGEST, GENTLEMEN...
...KNOCK NEXT TIME YOU ENTER THE CURIOSITY SHOP OF MADAME DEFARGE! EET IS DANGEROUS AFTER DARK!
SLAM!
12

SOON... THERE MUST BE SOME OTHER WAY OF RELAXING BETWEEN CRIME CASES!

HOW ABOUT A PLAY? MAYBE IF WE GO BACKSTAGE WE CAN GET TICKETS FROM JAY BURR, THE PRODUCER!

THEN...

WHY OF COURSE! IF YOU'LL WAIT A MINUTE I'LL DIG UP A COUPLE OF TICKETS, BOYS!

LOOK! THERE ARE TWO OF THE BOURBON SISTERS—THE ONES WHO SING AND ACT!

NOBODY HAS EVER SEEN THE FACE OF THE THIRD SISTER! SHE KEEPS IT VEILED!

IT SAYS MY VOICE WILL BE SILENCED BY A GARROTE!

LOOK, BONNIE, I GOT A NOTE, TOO— AND THE SAME BALL OF WOOL AND KNITTING NEEDLES!

I CAN'T FORGET WHAT THESE KNITTING NEEDLES MEANT FOR OUR FAMILY DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION!

PLACES— CURTAIN!

SOMETHING'S TROUBLING THEM, TORO! AFTER THE FIRST ACT WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

SAY, DIDN'T KING LOUIS' FAMILY RECEIVE KNITTING NEEDLES AND A BALL OF YARN BEFORE THEY WERE GUILLOTINED, TORCH?

UH-HUH! AND THESE SISTERS ARE DESCENDED FROM KING LOUIS' FAMILY!

SUDDENLY!

LOOK! SETTING FIRE TO THE QUEEN'S WIG IS MUCH TOO DANGEROUS TO BE IN THE PLAY SCRIPT!

OHHH!

HELP! I'M ON FIRE!
DOWN WITH THE CURTAIN!
QUICKLY! MY SISTER BONNIE.. IN HER DRESSING ROOM!
GOT IT!
HELP! HELP!
AND TO THINK I WANTED RELAXATION TONIGHT!
FOR FIRE ONLY
HA! HA! FOLLOWING ME AGAINST THIS FIRE HOSE WILL BE DIFFICULT!
A FEW MOMENTS AFTER THE ASSAILANT HAS ESCAPED...
JUST AS THE NOTE SAID, HE TRIED TO CHOKE ME! WITH THIS GARROTE!
AND BURN ME!
WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO OUR SISTER YVETTE?
YOUR ALARM IS TARDY, MY DARLINGS, BUT APPRECIATED!
4

YVETTE-THEN YOU'RE SAFE!
YES! BUT ACCORDING TO THIS NOTE MY FATE IS THE GUILLOTINE!
BUT WHY SHOULD ANYONE WANT TO KILL US?
BECAUSE THERE IS STILL A MADAME DEFARGE IN THE WORLD WHO HATES BOURBON ROYALTY!
THOSE KNITTING NEEDLES... SAME AS MINE!
AND WE ARE "QUEENS" OF THE MODERN THEATRE!
COME ON, TORO— WE'VE GOT A CALL TO MAKE!
A SHORT TIME AFTER, OUR METEORIC HEROES HAVE PICKED UP THEIR "SURPRISE PROTECTION"! THEN...
MADAME DEFARGE AND THE KNITTING NEEDLES ADD UP TO A VISIT TO THE CURIOSITY SHOP, EH, TORCH?
RIGHT! BUT FIRST WE'LL PICK UP SOME PROTECTION!
I THINK DEFARGE WANTED US TO COME HERE, TORO! AND WE'RE READY FOR HER!
WELCOME, MEDDLERS! MADAME DEFARGE PHONED AND SAID THAT YOU WERE EXPECTED, FOR EXECUTION! THIS VAPOR BOMB WILL STOP YOUR FLAMES!
YIII!
SURPRISED, AREN'T YOU, ALPHONSE?
5

SO THE TWO BLUNDERERS HAVE TAKEN THE BAIT!
ONLY WE CAN'T BE LANDED!
ALPHONSE— ANOTHER VAPOR BOMB!
IT'S NO USE! TORO AND I ARE COVERED WITH OIL!
AS THE ONLY UGLY SISTER YOU WERE INSANELY JEALOUS! YOU WANTED YOUR TWO BEAUTIFUL SISTERS DEAD! AND WITH THE HELP OF ALPHONSE...
I SHALL NEVER BE TAKEN TO JAIL... NEVER!
MADAME DEFARGE, TEMPORARILY LIVING THE ROLE OF THE MOST RUTHLESS WOMAN IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION... AS A COVER-UP FOR YVETTE BOURBON!
OH NO, YVETTE! NOT SUCH AN EASY WAY OUT! THE POLICE HAVE OTHER PLANS FOR YOU!
CRASH!
LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
TO THINK OUR OWN SISTER WOULD TRY TO KILL US!
HER ROLE AS "MADAME DEFARGE" WAS ONLY A COVER-UP TO PUT THE BLAME ON A PERSON WHO DIDN'T REALLY EXIST!
And so...
WHERE'S YOUR KNITTING, TORCH?
NO MORE FOR ME! STOPPING CRIMINALS IS MY FAVORITE DIVERSION AFTER ALL!
THE END

A BOY AND A HORSE

DONNEY ANDREWS was a jockey who still had to win his spurs on a race track. Three months ago he had graduated from Jockey School. In three months of riding, never had he come across a horse he loved as much as Midnight Silk. But Midnight Silk was a funny kind of a horse. He hated crowds. So discontent had the owner become with the horse's curious behavior, that he was planning to get rid of him.

Donney was alone in the stable talking to Midnight Silk, when the owner's wife came in.

"Gosh, Mrs. Morgan," said Donney, gazing into Midnight's large eyes tenderly, "he's such a wonderful horse. If only your husband would give him another chance. I just know he'd make good."

"I know the way you feel, Donney," said Mrs. Morgan gently. "I was responsible for my husband buying Midnight."

"You were?" asked Donney, surprised.

"Yes, I was," replied Mrs. Morgan. "You see, Donney, I feel the same way you do. I too know that Midnight can do great things. Especially now that he has found someone who loves him as much as I do."

"Then, please, Mrs. Morgan," pleaded Donney, "make your husband give him a chance."

"I'm afraid my husband would not consent to that," said Mrs. Morgan thoughtfully. "He has already made up his mind to sell Midnight to the glue factory!"

"No, he can't do that," whispered the youngster terrified. "Isn't there some way we can prove to him that he is wrong?"

Mrs. Morgan gazed into Midnight's large clear eyes. Gently she rubbed her nose against the black velvet above his nostrils. If there were only some way she could prove to her husband that for once he had been wrong.

"Oh, Donney," she sighed, "if there were only some way we could break Midnight of that crowded feeling."

"I know what you mean," said the boy sadly. "Every time he gets caught in a crowd he refuses to run. Just drops back and lets all the other horses pass him. But I *know* he's faster than any other horse on the track when he's alone."

"You do?" asked Mrs. Morgan.

"Why sure," said Donney. "Every time we race alone I clock him. He most always beats the track record for a mile!"

Mrs. Morgan looked at Midnight with new interest. The beautiful black horse, sensing her interested glance, muzzled his nose gently against her shoulder.

"Look!" cried the lad gleefully. "He's opening your pocketbook with his teeth."

Mrs. Morgan laughed gently. "He's such a big lovable animal, I'm crazy about him. He did that very same thing the first time I met him. He's after that bottle of perfume I have in my bag. If I don't give him a whiff, he'll follow me all the way home. He doesn't like just a tiny smell either. It has to be a great big one."

"That's it, Mrs. Morgan!" Donney shouted excitedly.

"What's it?" asked Mrs. Morgan curiously.

"That's the way we can break Midnight of his habit," said Donney breathlessly. "If he will follow you any place with a whiff of that perfume—why we can get him in a race and give him a smell. I'll lead him into the pack. When he starts to fall back, I'll give him another smell. If I can lead him through that pack just *once*, I'm sure he won't mind crowds anymore!"

"Donney," said Mrs. Morgan, "I think you're right. Midnight Silk *must* run tomorrow. In fact I shall personally see to it that he does."

"But there is only *one* race tomorrow," replied Donney in a stunned voice, "that Midnight can possibly run in."

"What race is that?"

"The *big* race," whispered Donney.

"Then he *shall* run in the big race!" said Mrs. Morgan. Donney sat down abruptly on the straw-filled floor as Mrs. Morgan left.

"Did you hear that, Midnight?" asked Donney breathlessly. "You and I are going to be in the big race tomorrow!"

At four o'clock sharp the next afternoon, the bugle blew for the start of the big race. Donney, resplendent in the green and white colors of the Morgan stable, rode smartly on Midnight's back as the horses trotted to the starting gate.

Up in his box, Bill Morgan was furious. "Who in tarnation," he thundered, "switched my horse and jockey?"

"I did," replied Mrs. Morgan quietly. "I believe that Midnight Silk will win this race."

"Good heavens," murmured Bill. "You did! If you had to change horses on me, why didn't you pick one that wouldn't quit; or at least have gotten a jockey who was more than sixteen and not just out of Jockey School. Perhaps I can still change them," said Bill as he mopped the perspiration from his brow.

"It's too late now, dear," said his wife excitedly. "THEY'RE OFF!" Accompanied by a terrific roar from the crowd, the horses raced from the post.

Donney in number five position slapped Midnight smartly on the rump, as the starting gong sounded. Eddie Smith, riding the favorite in the big race, shouted at Donney as he passed him.

"Get that glue heap out of my way!" Eddie shouted. Donney could hear some of the other Jockeys laughing. Here was one glue heap that was going to stick in this pack, thought Donney. The horses were almost approaching the quarter mark when Donney felt Midnight slacking up on his speed. The big black horse, feeling himself surrounded, was trying desperately to leave the pack of charging horses.

Up in his private box Bill Morgan, watching Midnight carefully, shuddered. He knew what was happening.

"I hope you're happy now," said Bill to his wife. "Your horse just gave up. Very shortly he will be following the pack!"

"Perhaps," said his wife softly, "he will be *leading* the pack shortly!" Bill Morgan sat down disgustedly while his wife continued to follow the race. She could see Donney close up to Midnight's ear whispering softly.

"You've got to get in there, Midnight. You've *got* to!" Donney was whispering. But Midnight was paying very little attention. They were almost at the halfway mark and losing ground rapidly. Donney glanced swiftly behind him. Only two horses remained before they would be last. Desperately he fumbled inside his shirt and withdrew the tiny vial of perfume.

"Here it is, Midnight," whispered Donney in the big black's ear. Quickly he passed the bottle in front of Midnight's nose. Suddenly he could feel the big horse pick up speed!

"Now, Midnight . . . Now!" shouted Donney as the big horse increased his speed. They were almost at the three quarter mark. The charging horses' hoofs ahead of them were kicking up a cloud of dust. Straight into the thickly grouped pack charged the big horse. For a moment his big sensitive nostrils quivered eagerly, his stride faltering once more. Quickly the youngster held the bottle close to the big horse's nose, but it was no longer necessary. The big black had at last found his place upon the track.

Up in the stands Bill Morgan rose to see the cause of all the sudden excitement. He could see two horses running neck and neck in front. Behind these two a third horse fought furiously to pass.

"Whose horse is that?" asked Bill.

"It's Midnight!" cried his wife, jumping up and down with excitement.

"It *is* Midnight!" cried Bill, looking through his binoculars. "Break through, Donney! Break through!" Bill shouted excitedly.

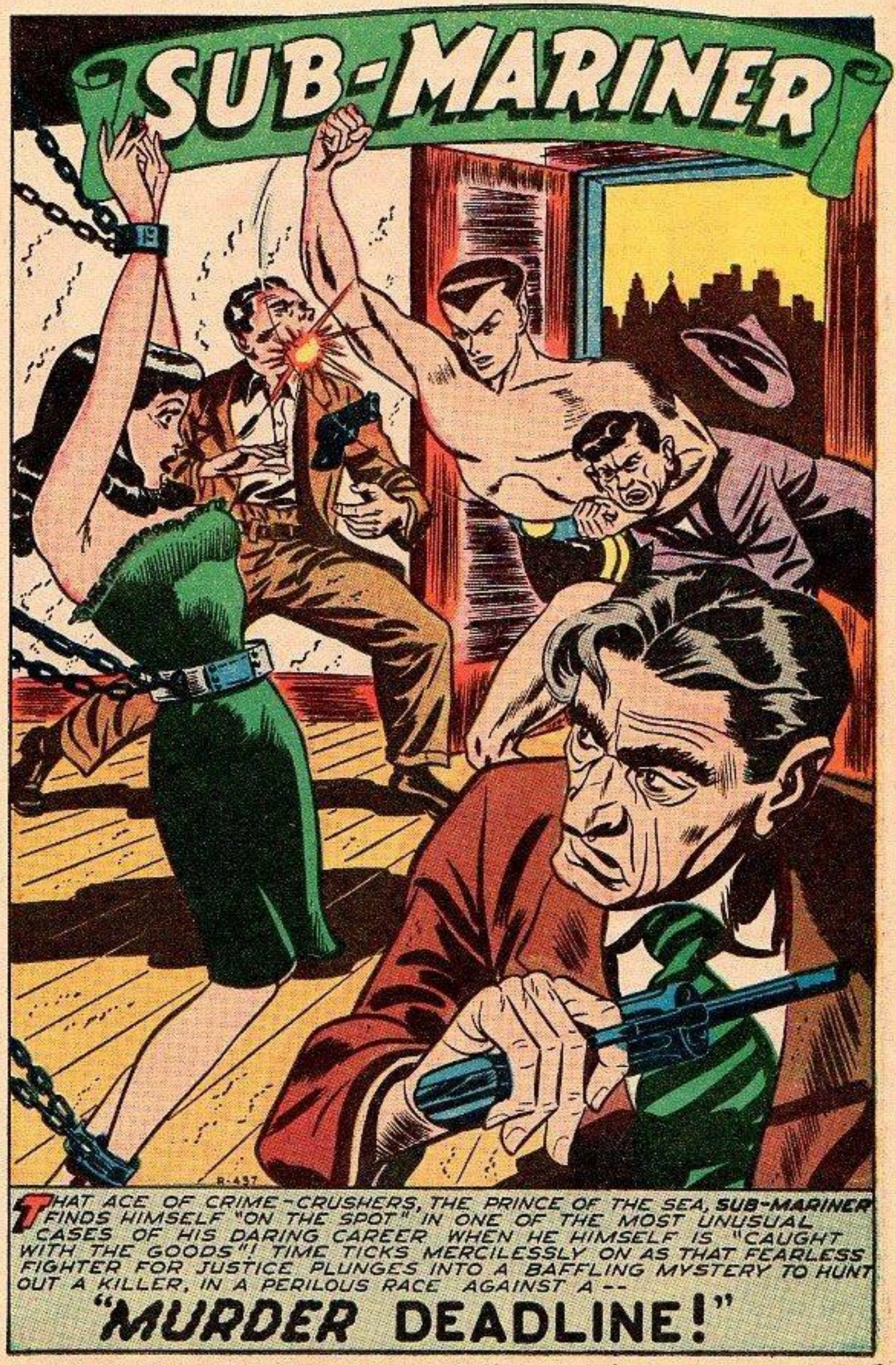
It was as if Donney had heard Bill's shouts. With a sudden burst of fierce speed the big black forced the two leaders apart and went through to win!

. . . Inside the winner's circle, Midnight and Donney stood with huge floral wreaths around their necks. Right alongside stood Bill Morgan and his wife smiling happily.

"You won't send Midnight to the glue factory now, will you, Mr. Morgan?" asked Donney.

Bill laughed. "Of course not, Donney. But I'm thinking of *buying* a factory . . . a *perfume* factory! Mrs. Morgan told me the whole story. I'm going to keep Midnight Silk contented the rest of his life . . . with his favorite aroma!"

THE END



THAT ACE OF CRIME-CRUSHERS, THE PRINCE OF THE SEA, **SUB-MARINER** FINDS HIMSELF "ON THE SPOT" IN ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL CASES OF HIS DARING CAREER WHEN HE HIMSELF IS "CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS"! TIME TICKS MERCILESSLY ON AS THAT FEARLESS FIGHTER FOR JUSTICE PLUNGES INTO A BAFFLING MYSTERY TO HUNT OUT A KILLER, IN A PERILOUS RACE AGAINST A --

"MURDER DEADLINE!"

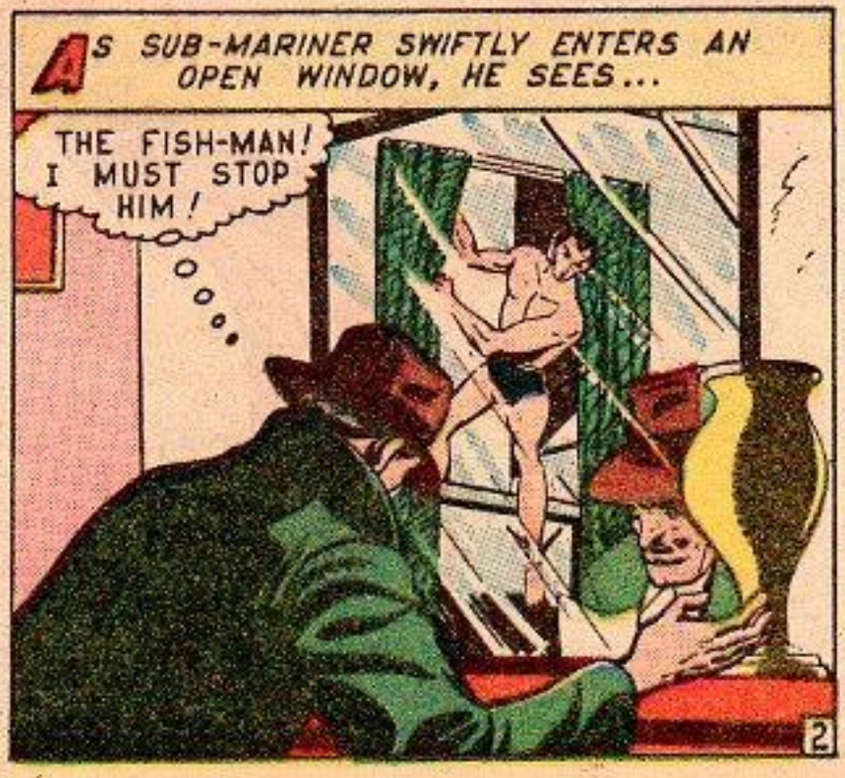
ONE EARLY EVENING FINDS BETTY DEAN ON THE NEW YORK WATERFRONT...
BETTY! I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU DOWN HERE AT THIS HOUR. SOMETHING WRONG?
YES... I'M A NEWS REPORTER ESCAPING FROM THE NEWS! LOOK!

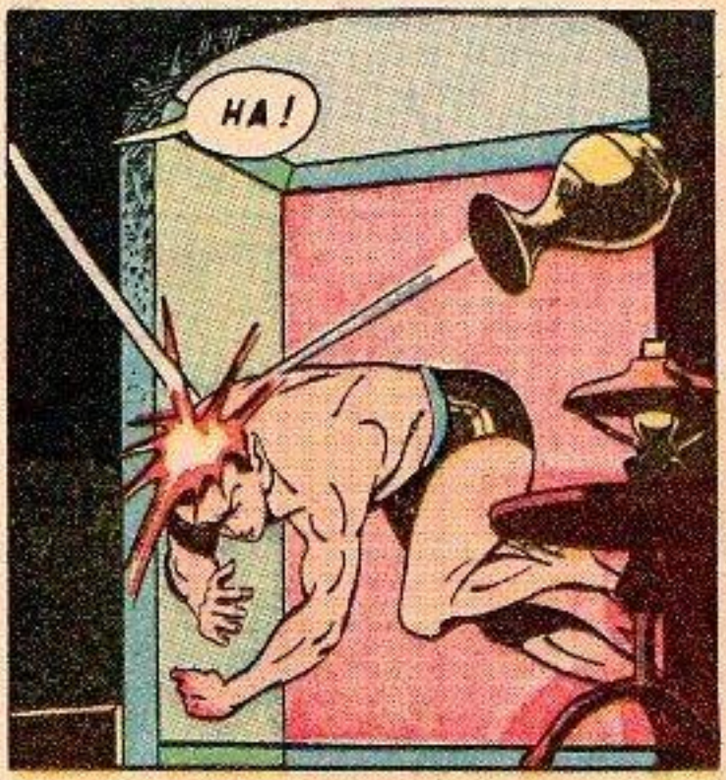
HANK HINKEL SAYS "NEWSHAWK BETTY DEAN IS THE HEART-BEAT OF RICH, PLAYBOY GLOBE-TROTTER, VINCENT KING... KING IS IN CONSTANT PURSUIT OF THIS LOVELY GIRL — WHO IS ALSO A FRIEND OF SUB-MARINER!" WELL, THIS MAKES IT SOUND LIKE A TRIANGLE!

AS IF I'M THE JEALOUS BOY-FRIEND!
GOLLY, I WISH YOU WERE JEALOUS — JEALOUS ENOUGH TO TELL KING TO STOP BOTHERING ME. HE HOUNDS ME, NAMOR, AND I CAN'T STAND HIM. HE SAID HE'D MAKE ME LOSE MY JOB IF I KEEP COLD-SHOULDERING HIM!

WHY, THAT HEEL! BETTY, I'LL TAKE CARE OF VINCENT KING!

WITH DAZZLING SPEED, THE MIGHTY SEA PRINCE KNIFES THROUGH THE CHURNING WATER, AND...
HERE'S KING'S PLACE... I'LL TALK TO HIM AND... TUMBLING TUNA! SHOTS!
BANG!
BANG!

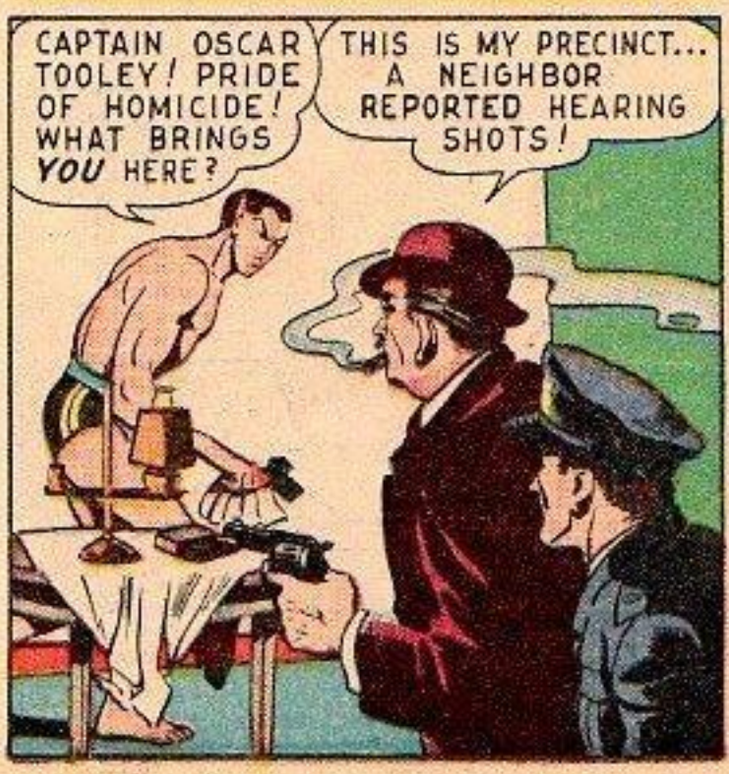

AS SUB-MARINER SWIFTLY ENTERS AN OPEN WINDOW, HE SEES...
THE FISH-MAN! I MUST STOP HIM!
2


HA!

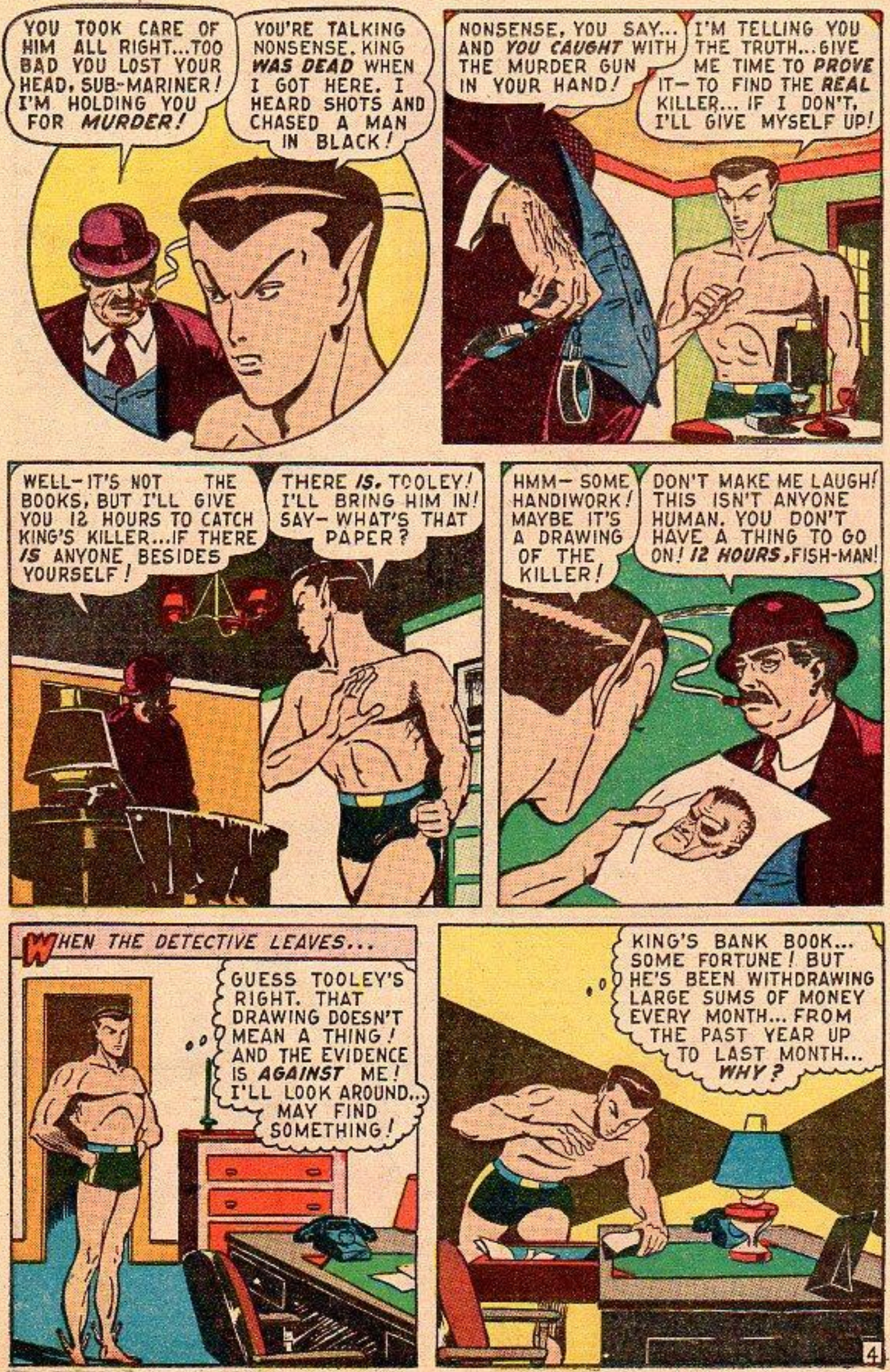
SHORT MINUTES LATER, NAMOR REGAINS HIS FEET...
THAT BIRD'S GONE... LEAVING WHAT? I SUSPECT THE WORST!

YES—THE WORST! A FIGURE ON A BEDROOM FLOOR, SPRAWLED IN DEATH!
IT'S VINCENT KING! I'VE SEEN HIS PICTURES... MMM... THE KILLER LEFT THE GUN!

AS NAMOR CAREFULLY PICKS UP THE GUN...
THIS CLOTH PROTECTS FINGERPRINTS. NOT THAT I THINK THE KILLER LEFT ANY... OH, OH!
I'LL TAKE THE GUN, SUB-MARINER!


CAPTAIN OSCAR TOOLEY! PRIDE OF HOMICIDE! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?
THIS IS MY PRECINCT... A NEIGHBOR REPORTED HEARING SHOTS!

THAT'S IT... GIVE UP THE GUN QUIETLY! YOU'LL GET A FAIR TRIAL!
DON'T BE A FOOL! ME... KILL A MAN?
I HEARD YOU OVER AT THE HARBOR TELLING THAT GIRL YOU'D TAKE CARE OF KING!

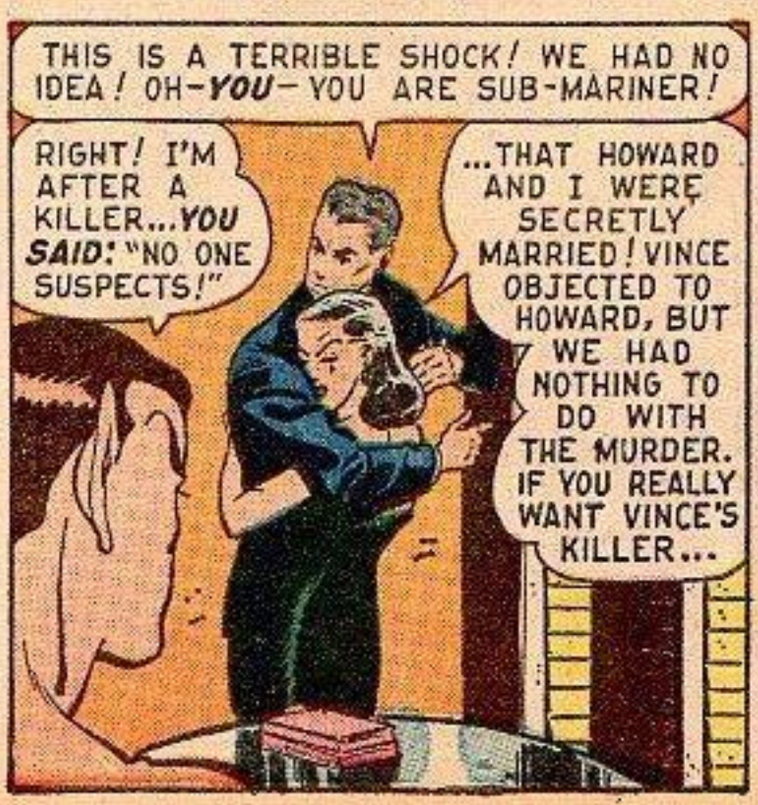

YOU TOOK CARE OF HIM ALL RIGHT...TOO BAD YOU LOST YOUR HEAD, SUB-MARINER! I'M HOLDING YOU FOR MURDER!
YOU'RE TALKING NONSENSE. KING WAS DEAD WHEN I GOT HERE. I HEARD SHOTS AND CHASED A MAN IN BLACK!
NONSENSE, YOU SAY... AND YOU CAUGHT WITH THE MURDER GUN IN YOUR HAND!
I'M TELLING YOU THE TRUTH...GIVE ME TIME TO PROVE IT— TO FIND THE REAL KILLER... IF I DON'T, I'LL GIVE MYSELF UP!
WELL—IT'S NOT THE BOOKS, BUT I'LL GIVE YOU 12 HOURS TO CATCH KING'S KILLER...IF THERE IS ANYONE BESIDES YOURSELF!
THERE IS. TOOLEY! I'LL BRING HIM IN! SAY— WHAT'S THAT PAPER?
HMM— SOME HANDIWORK! MAYBE IT'S A DRAWING OF THE KILLER!
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! THIS ISN'T ANYONE HUMAN. YOU DON'T HAVE A THING TO GO ON! 12 HOURS, FISH-MAN!
WHEN THE DETECTIVE LEAVES...
GUESS TOOLEY'S RIGHT. THAT DRAWING DOESN'T MEAN A THING! AND THE EVIDENCE IS AGAINST ME! I'LL LOOK AROUND... MAY FIND SOMETHING!
KING'S BANK BOOK... SOME FORTUNE! BUT HE'S BEEN WITHDRAWING LARGE SUMS OF MONEY EVERY MONTH... FROM THE PAST YEAR UP TO LAST MONTH... WHY?
4

KING'S SISTER... I MUST LOCATE HER! MAYBE BETTY KNOWS!
To Brother Vince... Fondly, Judy

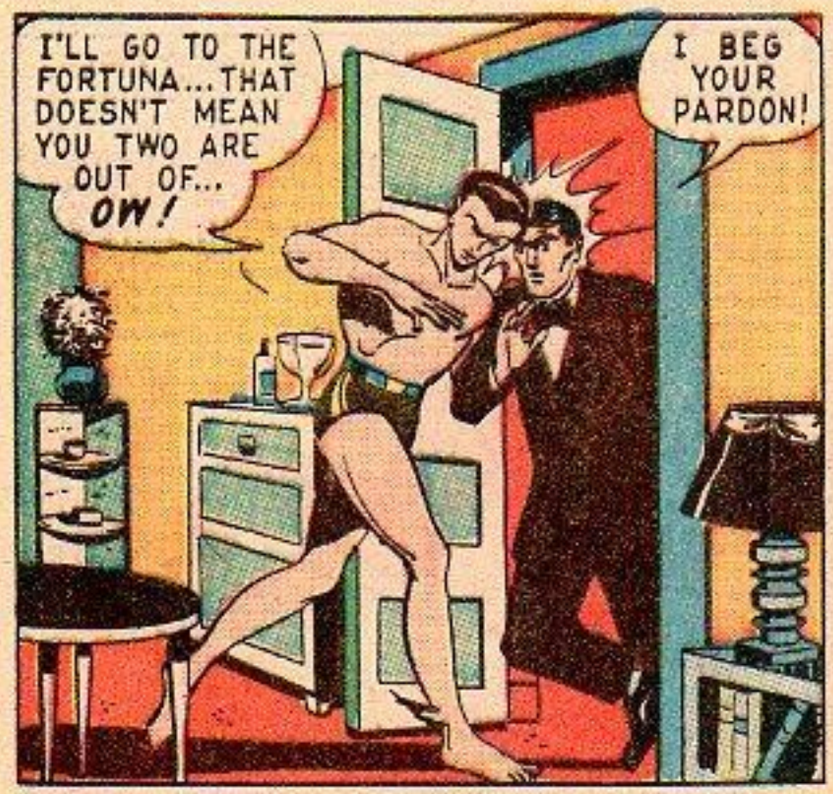
A PHONE CALL TO BETTY'S HOME, AND...
BETTY, WHERE CAN I LOCATE KING'S SISTER? IT'S IMPORTANT, BUT DON'T ASK QUESTIONS!
SHE'S A SINGER AT THE LOTUS CLUB AT BAILEY BEACH. WHY? OH, ALL RIGHT... NO QUESTIONS!

SOON AFTER, IN JUDY KING'S DRESSING ROOM AT THE SWANK LOTUS CLUB...
NOW, DON'T WORRY, DARLING!
I'M NOT, HOWARD! NO ONE SUSPECTS...

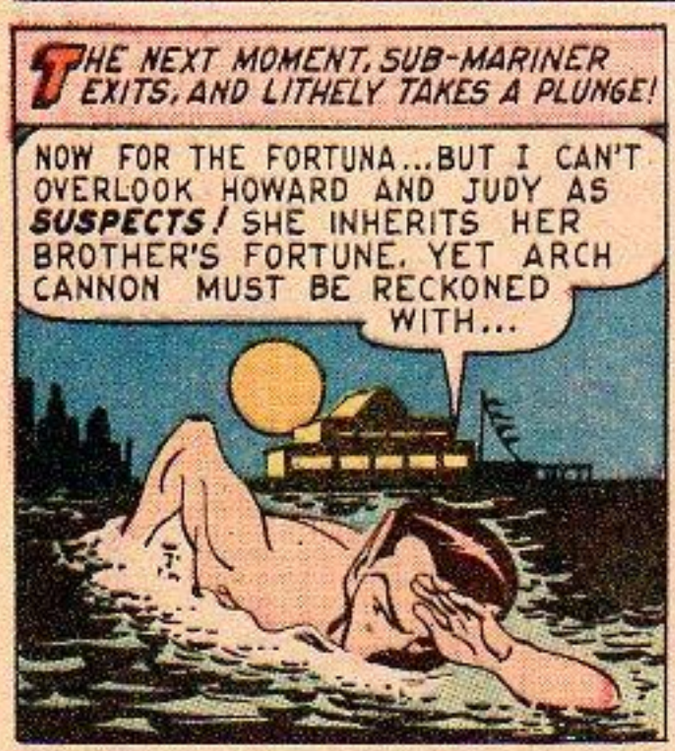
SUDDENLY!
SUSPECTS WHAT? THAT WITH YOUR BROTHER'S MURDER, YOU INHERIT A FORTUNE?
VINCE— MURDERED?


THIS IS A TERRIBLE SHOCK! WE HAD NO IDEA! OH—YOU— YOU ARE SUB-MARINER!
RIGHT! I'M AFTER A KILLER... YOU SAID: "NO ONE SUSPECTS!"
...THAT HOWARD AND I WERE SECRETLY MARRIED! VINCE OBJECTED TO HOWARD, BUT WE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE MURDER. IF YOU REALLY WANT VINCE'S KILLER...

...WHY NOT TRY ARCH CANNON? HE OWNS A GAMBLING SHIP, FORTUNA— PAST THE 5 MILE LIMIT... VINCE FREQUENTED THE SHIP! BUT I THINK HE AND CANNON HAD A FALLING OUT...
5


I'LL GO TO THE FORTUNA... THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU TWO ARE OUT OF... OW!
I BEG YOUR PARDON!

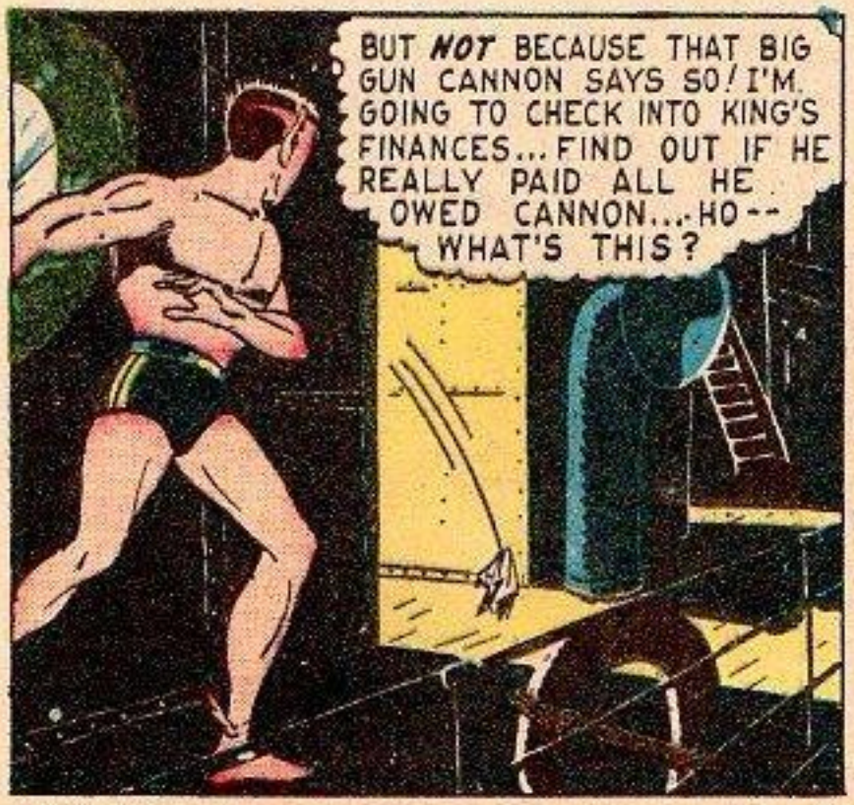
THIS IS LEONARD LAJO. HE DOES AN ACROBAT ACT IN THE SHOW. HE INTRODUCED HOWARD AND ME AND WAS THE BEST MAN AT OUR WEDDING!
I THOUGHT THE MARRIAGE WAS A SECRET!
NOT ANY MORE!

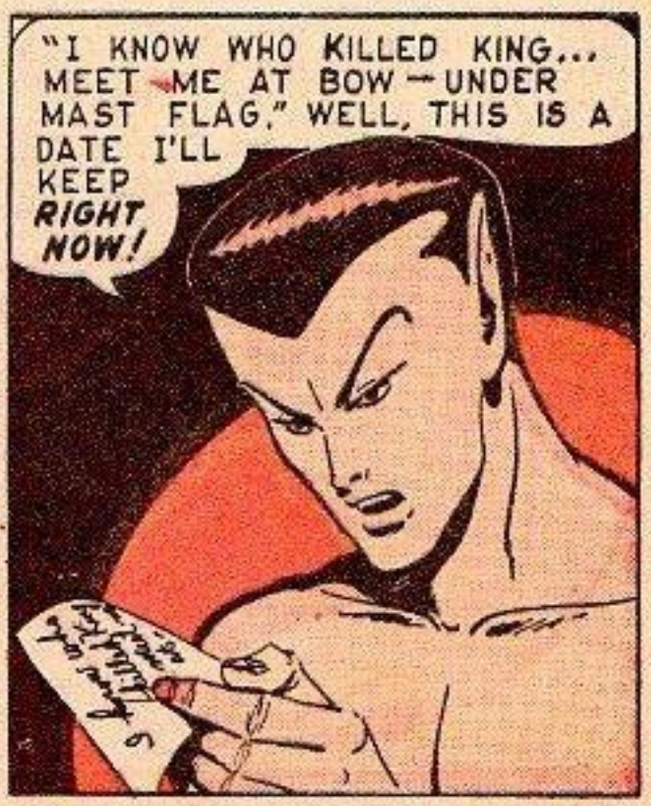

THE NEXT MOMENT, SUB-MARINER EXITS, AND LITHELY TAKES A PLUNGE!
NOW FOR THE FORTUNA...BUT I CAN'T OVERLOOK HOWARD AND JUDY AS SUSPECTS! SHE INHERITS HER BROTHER'S FORTUNE. YET ARCH CANNON MUST BE RECKONED WITH...

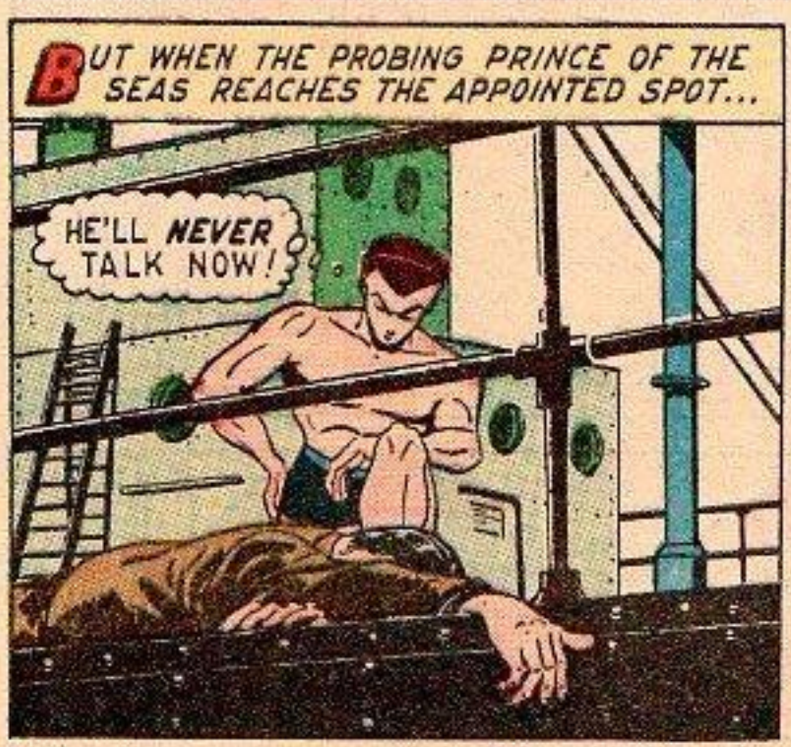
HE'S TOUGH AND SHREWD... MMM, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! I'LL TRY CANNON ON FOR SIZE!

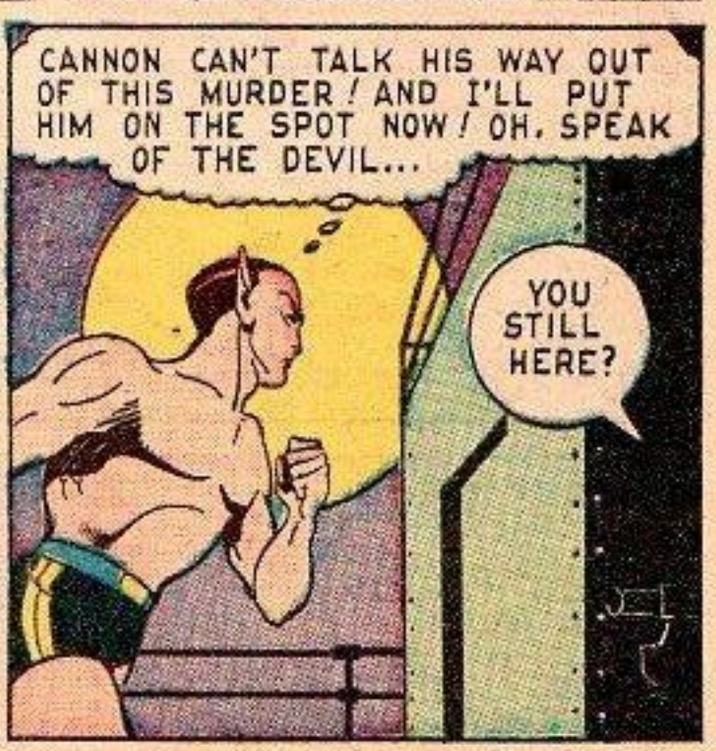
ON THE ORNATE OFFICE OF THE GAMBLING CZAR...
YOU SAY VINCE KING'S BEEN MURDERED? WHAT HAS THAT TO DO WITH ME?
JUST THAT KING DROPPED A LOT OF MONEY GAMBLING HERE! HE STOPPED PAYING OFF HIS DEBTS TO YOU!

O.K.! YOU SEEM TO KNOW THAT KING LOST DOUGH HERE! BUT HE SQUARED EVERY CENT WITH ME! I'M CLEAR! AND I WARN YOU... KEEP OUT OF THIS, FISHFACE! GET OFF MY BOAT!
I'M GOING...


BUT NOT BECAUSE THAT BIG GUN CANNON SAYS SO! I'M GOING TO CHECK INTO KING'S FINANCES... FIND OUT IF HE REALLY PAID ALL HE OWED CANNON... HO-- WHAT'S THIS?

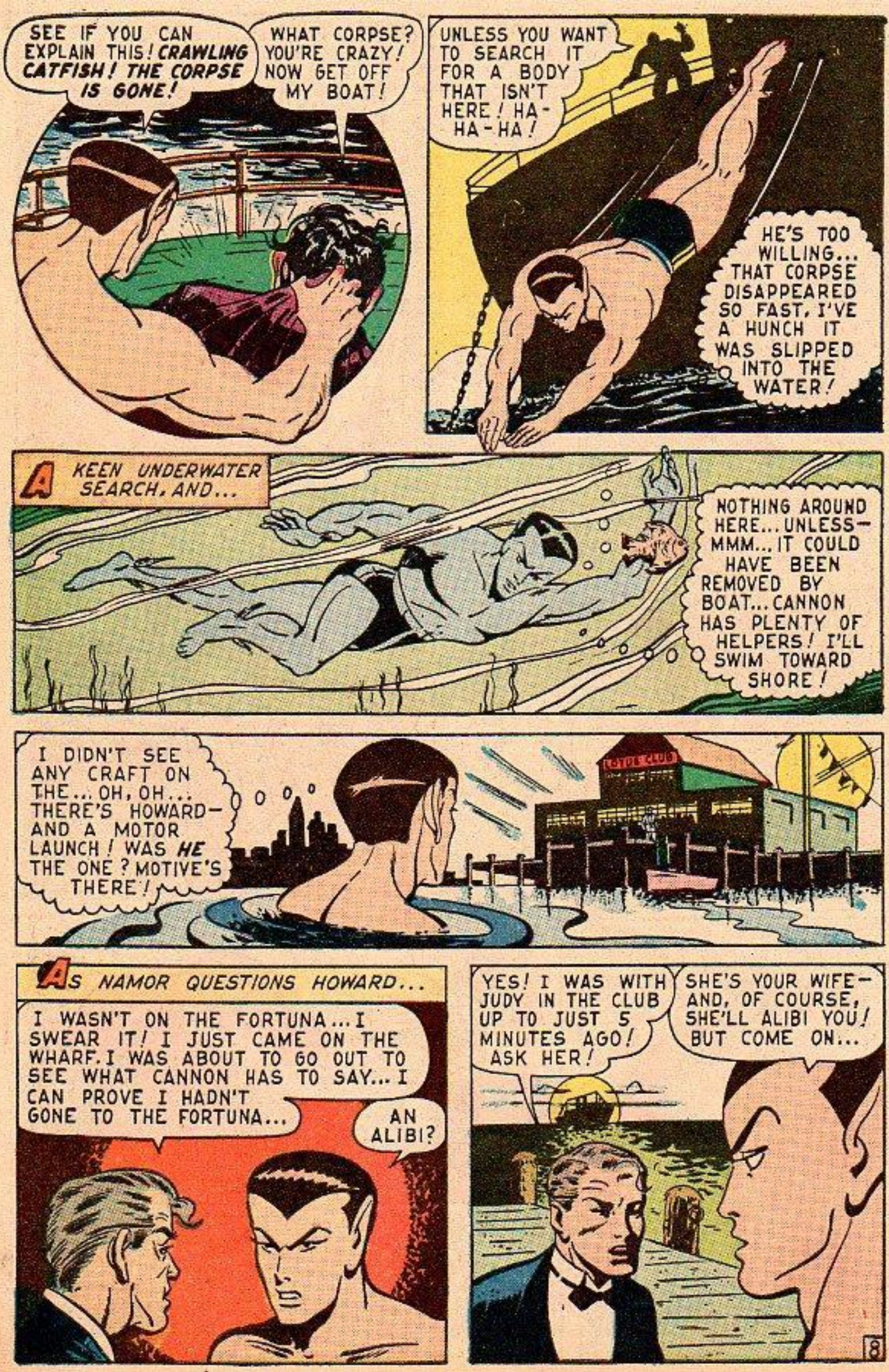

"I KNOW WHO KILLED KING... MEET ME AT BOW — UNDER MAST FLAG." WELL, THIS IS A DATE I'LL KEEP RIGHT NOW!


BUT WHEN THE PROBING PRINCE OF THE SEAS REACHES THE APPOINTED SPOT...
HE'LL NEVER TALK NOW!


CANNON CAN'T TALK HIS WAY OUT OF THIS MURDER! AND I'LL PUT HIM ON THE SPOT NOW! OH, SPEAK OF THE DEVIL...
YOU STILL HERE?

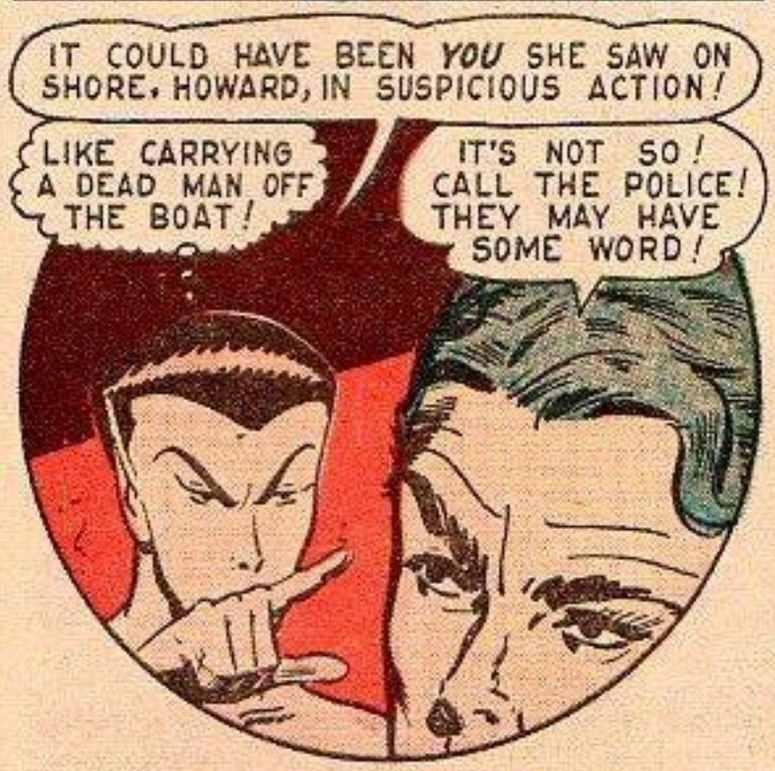
I WARNED YOU TO GET OFF! BEAT IT NOW, OR I'LL...
YEAH... BEAT IT!

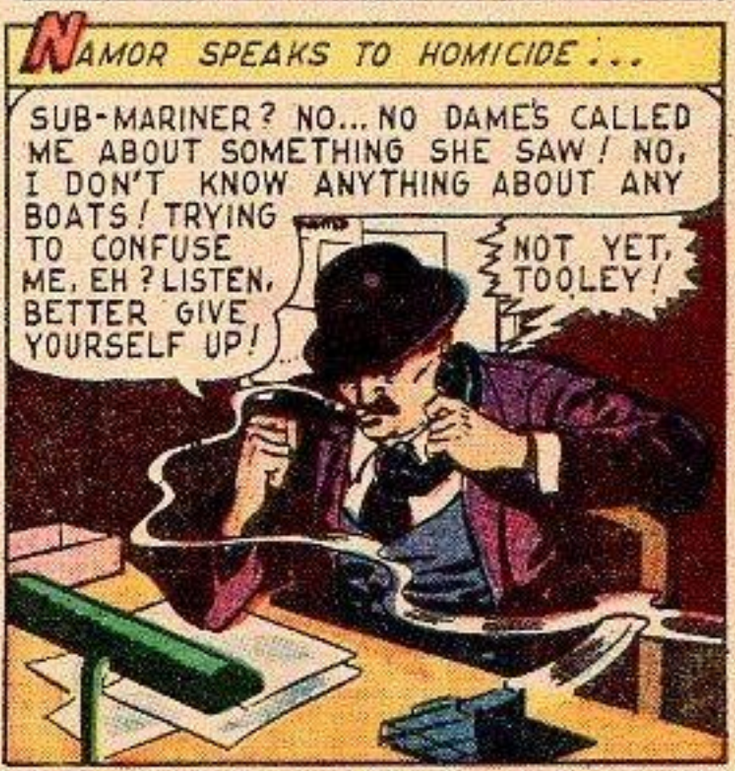
I DON'T SCARE EASILY!


SEE IF YOU CAN EXPLAIN THIS! CRAWLING CATFISH! THE CORPSE IS GONE!
WHAT CORPSE? YOU'RE CRAZY! NOW GET OFF MY BOAT!
UNLESS YOU WANT TO SEARCH IT FOR A BODY THAT ISN'T HERE! HA-HA-HA!
HE'S TOO WILLING... THAT CORPSE DISAPPEARED SO FAST, I'VE A HUNCH IT WAS SLIPPED INTO THE WATER!
A KEEN UNDERWATER SEARCH, AND...
NOTHING AROUND HERE... UNLESS— MMM... IT COULD HAVE BEEN REMOVED BY BOAT... CANNON HAS PLENTY OF HELPERS! I'LL SWIM TOWARD SHORE!
I DIDN'T SEE ANY CRAFT ON THE... OH, OH... THERE'S HOWARD— AND A MOTOR LAUNCH! WAS HE THE ONE? MOTIVE'S THERE!
CLUB
AS NAMOR QUESTIONS HOWARD...
I WASN'T ON THE FORTUNA... I SWEAR IT! I JUST CAME ON THE WHARF. I WAS ABOUT TO GO OUT TO SEE WHAT CANNON HAS TO SAY... I CAN PROVE I HADN'T GONE TO THE FORTUNA...
AN ALIBI?
YES! I WAS WITH JUDY IN THE CLUB UP TO JUST 5 MINUTES AGO! ASK HER!
SHE'S YOUR WIFE— AND, OF COURSE, SHE'LL ALIBI YOU! BUT COME ON...
8

IN THE SINGER'S DRESSING ROOM...
THE PLACE IS A MESS! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED!

A BEWILDERING TURN OF EVENTS, TO WHICH IS ADDED...
LEONARDO, HAVE YOU SEEN JUDY?
A COUPLE OF MINUTES AGO! SHE WAS ALL EXCITED. SAID SHE SAW SOMEONE COMING OFF A BOAT AND IT CALLED FOR HER CALLING THE POLICE!

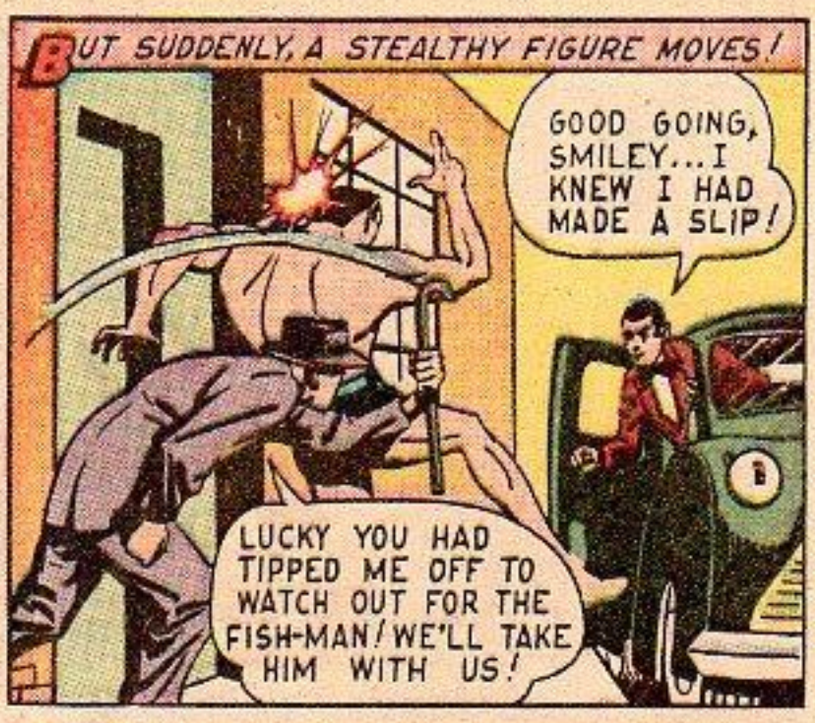

IT COULD HAVE BEEN YOU SHE SAW ON SHORE, HOWARD, IN SUSPICIOUS ACTION!
LIKE CARRYING A DEAD MAN OFF THE BOAT!
IT'S NOT SO! CALL THE POLICE! THEY MAY HAVE SOME WORD!


NAMOR SPEAKS TO HOMICIDE...
SUB-MARINER? NO... NO DAME'S CALLED ME ABOUT SOMETHING SHE SAW! NO, I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ANY BOATS! TRYING TO CONFUSE ME, EH? LISTEN, BETTER GIVE YOURSELF UP!
NOT YET, TOOLEY!

BUT IF I DON'T CATCH THE KILLER SOON...
I'M GOING HOME, HOWARD! PART OF THE LAST SHOW'S CUT. SO I'M FREE... I HOPE JUDY'S FOUND O.K.! TWO MURDERS IN ONE NIGHT ARE ENOUGH!
9

TWO MURDERS! HOW DID LEONARDO KNOW ABOUT THE SECOND ONE? I SAID NOTHING ABOUT IT! I'M GOING TO FOLLOW HIM!

HE'S STEPPING INTO HIS CAR... I'LL HOOK A RIDE!


BUT SUDDENLY, A STEALTHY FIGURE MOVES!
GOOD GOING, SMILEY... I KNEW I HAD MADE A SLIP!
LUCKY YOU HAD TIPPED ME OFF TO WATCH OUT FOR THE FISH-MAN! WE'LL TAKE HIM WITH US!

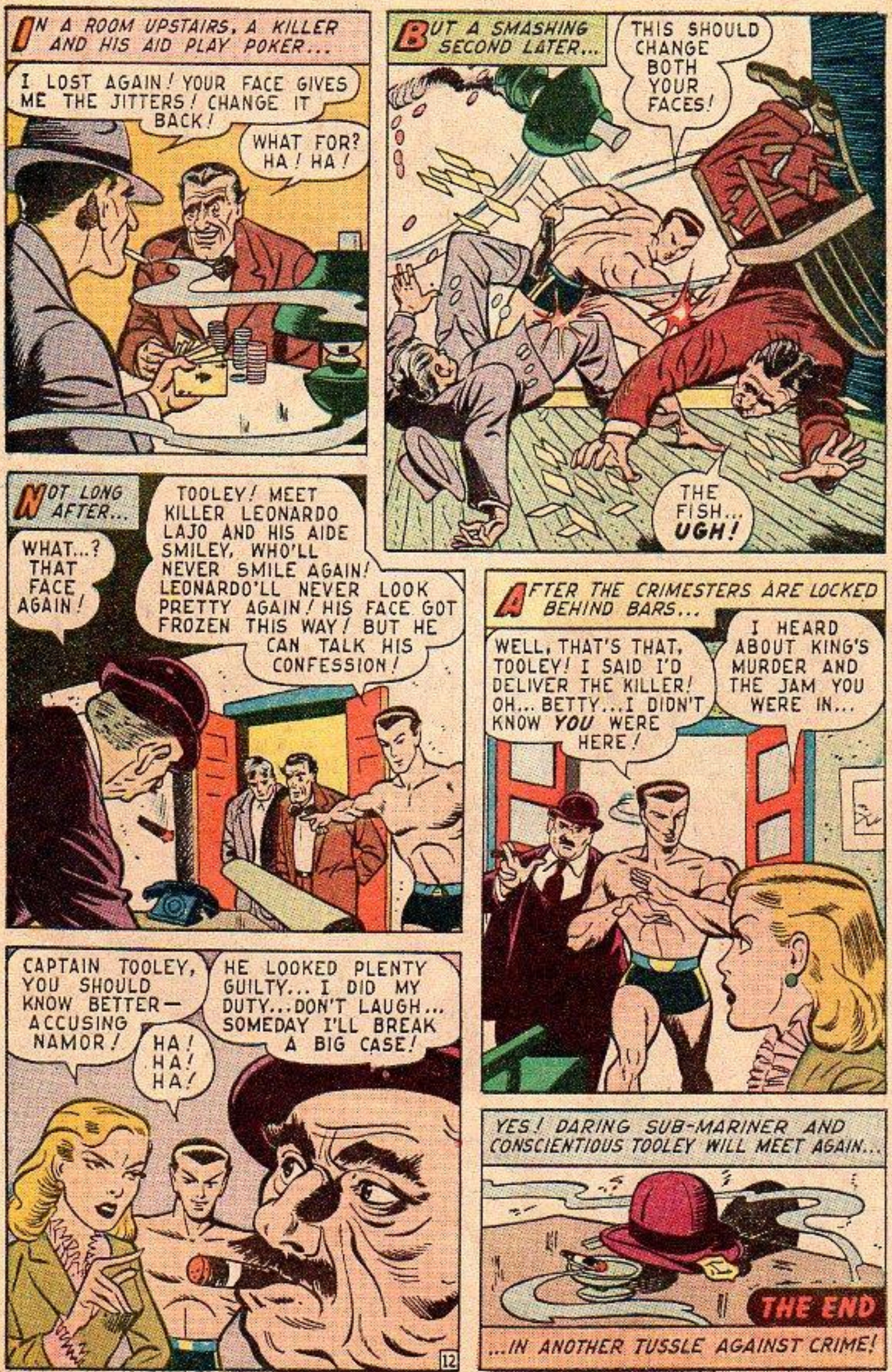
TENSE HEAD-THROBBING MINUTES AFTER...
OHHH... WHERE AM I? JUDY... YOU TOO!
YES... I SAW LEONARDO COMING ASHORE FROM A SPEED-BOAT, CARRYING A DEAD MAN!
AND THAT'S ALL YOU'RE GOING TO SEE!

AND YOU KILLED MY BROTHER!
OF COURSE! I'D MET THAT PLAYBOY A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO DOWN IN CUBA! I WAS DOING MY ACT DOWN THERE... KING KILLED A MAN IN A DRUNKEN QUARREL. I WAS THE ONLY WITNESS!
YOU BLACKMAILED HIM, EH?

YES! BUT LATELY HE GOT TIRED OF PAYING. I WAS AFRAID HE'D BREAK TO THE POLICE LIKE HE THREATENED TO! SO I KILLED HIM!
HIS FACE! IT'S CHANGING!

IT SCARES YOU? HA-HA! YOU SEE, I'M A CONTORTIONIST! IT'S A CINCH FOR ME TO DO THIS! I USED TO HAUNT KING WITH THIS FACE!
YOU SURE DID! HE EVEN DREW IT! BUT WHAT ABOUT THE SECOND MURDER?

THAT WAS ONE OF CANNON'S MEN. LAST NIGHT HE OVERHEARD KING AND ME IN THE FORTUNA GAMBLING ROOM TALK OF THE BLACKMAIL. SO HE WANTED A PIECE OF THE CUT, TOO... FROM ME! I DECIDED TO SHUT HIM UP!
SMILEY, TURN ON THE GAS JET! WE'LL LEAVE THEM HERE TO ASPHYXIATE!
O.K., BOSS! BUT TURN OFF THAT FACE!
SHORT MINUTES AFTER...
(COUGH) OH... THE GAS... (COUGH) IT'S GETTING BAD... SUB-MARINER, IS- IS THERE SOMETHING...?
I NEED WATER... I'VE NO STRENGTH LEFT...
MMM— THAT PITCHER... IF ONLY THERE'S SOME WATER IN IT... ANYWAY, IT'S WORTH A TRY... HERE GOES NOTHING!
WATER! LIFE! AH!
11


ON A ROOM UPSTAIRS, A KILLER AND HIS AID PLAY POKER...
I LOST AGAIN! YOUR FACE GIVES ME THE JITTERS! CHANGE IT BACK!
WHAT FOR? HA! HA!
BUT A SMASHING SECOND LATER...
THIS SHOULD CHANGE BOTH YOUR FACES!
THE FISH... UGH!
NOT LONG AFTER...
WHAT...? THAT FACE AGAIN!
TOOLEY! MEET KILLER LEONARDO LAJO AND HIS AIDE SMILEY, WHO'LL NEVER SMILE AGAIN! LEONARDO'LL NEVER LOOK PRETTY AGAIN! HIS FACE GOT FROZEN THIS WAY! BUT HE CAN TALK HIS CONFESSION!
AFTER THE CRIMESTERS ARE LOCKED BEHIND BARS...
WELL, THAT'S THAT, TOOLEY! I SAID I'D DELIVER THE KILLER! OH... BETTY...I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE HERE!
I HEARD ABOUT KING'S MURDER AND THE JAM YOU WERE IN...
CAPTAIN TOOLEY, YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER— ACCUSING NAMOR!
HA! HA! HA!
HE LOOKED PLENTY GUILTY... I DID MY DUTY...DON'T LAUGH... SOMEDAY I'LL BREAK A BIG CASE!
YES! DARING SUB-MARINER AND CONSCIENTIOUS TOOLEY WILL MEET AGAIN...
THE END
...IN ANOTHER TUSSLE AGAINST CRIME!
12

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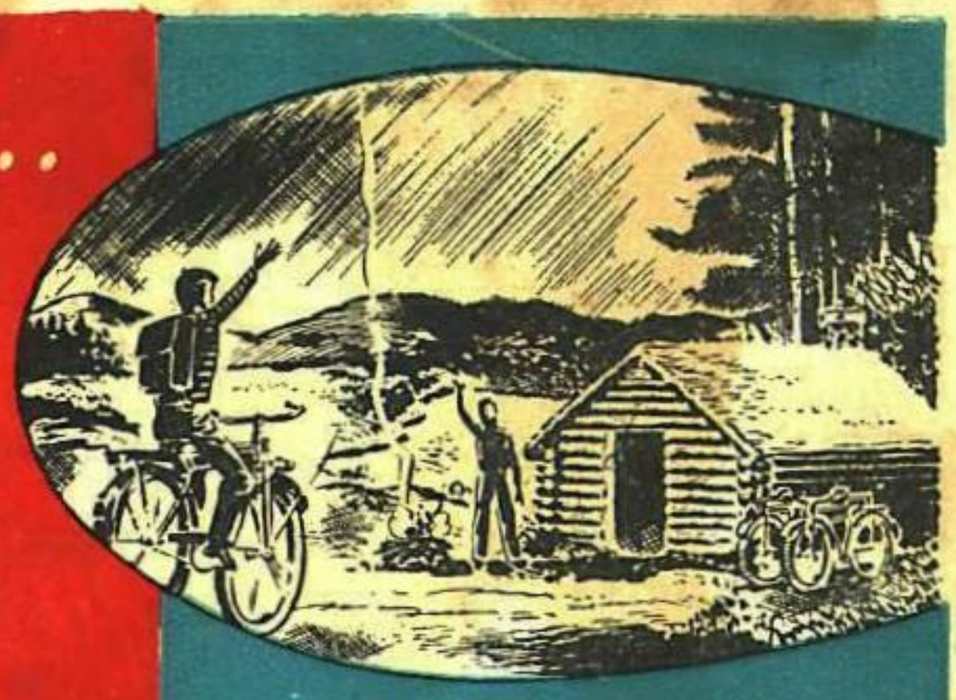

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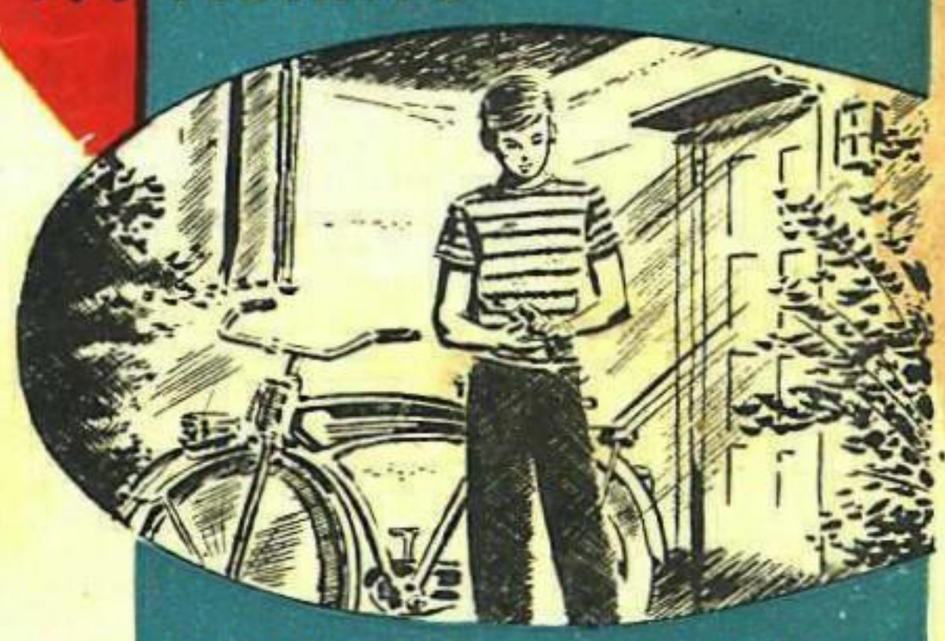

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